



Selection of
SCOTS SONGS

Harmonized Improved
with Simple and
Adapted Graces

Most Respectfully Dedicated to the

Honourable
SADIE CARNEGIE

BY
PETER URBANI

Professor of Music

Book 3^d Flora McLeod's p. 121

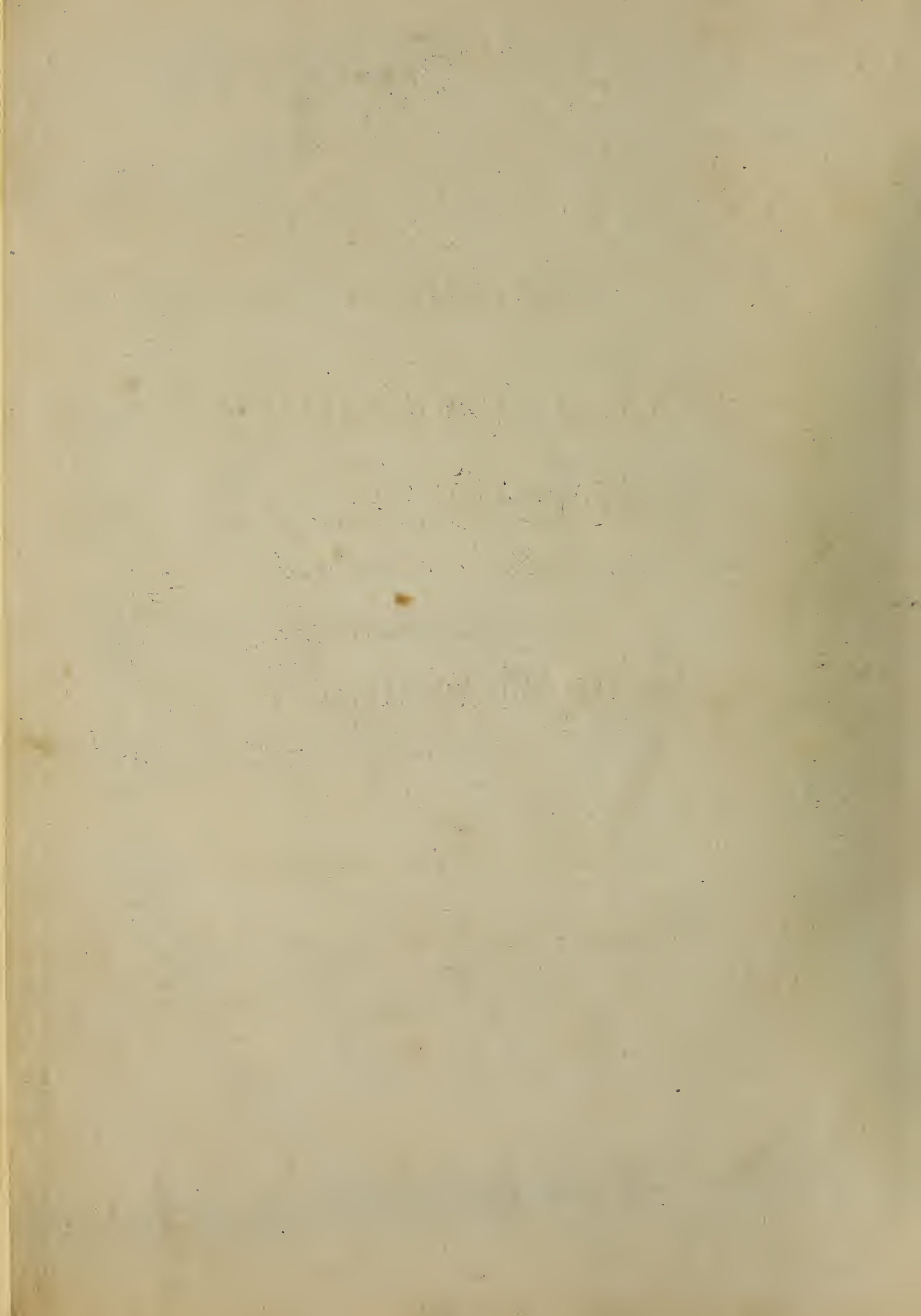
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EDINBURGH.

Where may be had the Real Setts of Scots Songs as Sung
by P. URBANI at the Concerts St Cecilia's Hall -
all kinds of Music & Musical Instruments -
Instruments Lent out Tuned and Re-
paired &c. &c. &c.

49. Thee'd Side. What beauties does
17. Wit thou be my dearie. Tarry woo o.
19. Tarry woo. Braes of Ballenden. Soldiers return. The Boatie rows. My Dearie if thoudie.
21. Be-neath a green. When wild wars Weel may the boatie. Love never more hall.
23. Sweet Annie. A body may in.
25. Sweet Annie frae. A body may in.
27. I wish my love were. Logan water. I loe nae a laddie. Whiff I alone your. Cynthia be as kind.
29. Blest as thim mortal. For ever fortune. I loe nae a laddie. Whiff I alone your. Cynthia be as kind.
31. J. Johnson
33. I loe nae a laddie. Whiff I alone your. Cynthia be as kind.
35. I loe nae a laddie. Whiff I alone your. Cynthia be as kind.
37. Cynthia be as kind.
39. Cynthia be as kind.
41. Cynthia be as kind.
43. Cynthia be as kind.
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89. Cynthia be as kind.
91. Cynthia be as kind.
93. Cynthia be as kind.
95. Cynthia be as kind.
97. Cynthia be as kind.
99. Cynthia be as kind.



TO.

THE HONOURABLE

LADY CARNEGIE,

One of the most Excellent JUDGES of MUSICAL MERIT;

THIS COLLECTION of SCOTS SONGS,

IS INSCRIBED,

AS A TESTIMONY OF HIS PROFOUND RESPECT,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author on presenting the Third Volume of his Scots Songs to the Public, humbly solicits the same patronage of the former two Volumes, which from the general approbation they have met with, the Author is happy to find his trouble and expence his not been spent in vain, and hopes on perusing this Volume that the same endeavours to please will be found nothing deficient, but that every exertion has been used to merit a continuance of the Public favour.

This work, which the Author intends the fourth Volume to complete, will contain all the very best Original Scots Songs, In this Volume he has given seven Songs Arranged as Duets, which may be sung by one or two Voices as the first part is the original Air without the alteration of a single note, there is only one Song inserted which is not Scots viz. Now westling winds, sett to Music by the Author (The words of which are by the Celebrated Burns) which he hopes will not be unacceptable to the public, all the rest have the original words annexed excepting Duncan Gray, which the Author thought improper for this work.

N.B. It is requested, that those Ladies and Gentlemen who wished to continue their Subscriptions and have neglected to send in their names, will send to N^o 10 Princes Street where the Subscriptions for the fourth Volume is going on.

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1 *Mary. Scott.*

Violini *P.* *PP.*

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano

Largo Lamentevole

Hap-py's the

Love which meets re-turn, when in soft flame souls equal burn; but words are want-ing

to - Dif - co - ver, the torments of a hope- less lover. Ye re - gift - ers of

tasto solo.

heaven, re - late if look - ing o'er the rolls of Fate, Did you there see - - me mark'd to

mar - row Ma - ry Scott the flow'r of Yarrow.

tafto folo.

F.

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. The first system includes vocal lines and piano accompaniment with lyrics. The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The third system concludes the piece with a repeat sign and a fermata. Fingerings and articulation marks are present throughout the score.

2

3

Ah, no! her form's too heav'nly fair,
 Her love the gods above muft thare;
 While mortals with despair explore her,
 And at a distance due adore her.
 O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
 Revive and blefs me with a fmile:
 Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing fwain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,
 My Mary's tender as she's fair;
 Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
 She is too good to let me languish:
 With fucces crown'd, I'll not envy
 The folks who dwell above the fky;
 When Mary Scot's become my marrow,
 We'll make a paradise of Yarrow.

Donald.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte
Piano

Largo

Musical score for Violini, Viola, Canto, and Forte Piano/Largo. The score is in G major (one flat) and common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Largo'. The piano part features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a bass line with a 6-7-7 fingering.

Musical score for Violini, Viola, and Canto. The tempo remains 'Largo'. The piano part includes a 'pp.' (pianissimo) dynamic marking. The vocal line is silent in this section.

Musical score for Canto and Forte Piano. The vocal line begins with the lyrics: "When first you courted me I own I fondly favor'd you; Ap-". The piano accompaniment continues with a 7-4-3-6-7-6-5-4-3 fingering.

Musical score for Violini, Viola, and Canto. The vocal line continues with first and second endings, marked '1st' and '2d'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

Musical score for Canto and Forte Piano. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "-parent worth and high renown, made me believe you true - Donald. Donald." The piano accompaniment features a 4-3-6-3-6-7 fingering and first and second endings.

Each virtue then seem'd to a_dorn the man esteem'd by me, - - but now the mask's thrown off; I

F. *P.* Icorn to waite one thought on thee - - Donald. Donald. *FF.*

2

O then forever haste away,
 Away from love and me;
 Go seek a heart that's like your own,
 And come no more to me, Donald.
 For I'll reserve myself alone,
 For one that's more like me;
 If such a one I cannot find,
 I'll fly from love and thee, Donald.

O could I Tune &c.

Tune Etrick Banks.
words by M^r Junor.

Violini *Dol.* *F.* *marcato*

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano

Largo

Affettuoso

PP. *F.*

O could I tune the sweetest Lyre and sing in pure po - e - tic lays I'd warble

PP.

with un - u - sual fire to tell my bonny Peggys praise. What mixt e - motions fill'd my breast when

first I saw her on the green she seem'd an angel earthly dress'd, or goddess of the flow'ry scene.

sf.

Figured bass notation: $\frac{6}{3}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{6}{5}$ $\frac{6}{7}$ $\frac{4}{2}$ $\frac{6}{6}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{6}{3}$ $\frac{6}{6}$ $\frac{6}{5}$ $\frac{6}{6}$ $\frac{6}{6}$

tr

tr

Figured bass notation: $\frac{6}{3}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{6}{4}$

On Ettrick banks ae summer's night,
 At gloaming when the sheep drave hame,
 I met my lalsie braw and tight,
 While wandring through the mist her lane:
 My heart grew light I ran I sang
 My arms about her lily neck,
 I kifs'd and clap'd her there fou lang:
 My words they were na mony, feck.

2

I said, my lalsie, will ye go
 To the highland hills the Earle to learn?
 I'll baith gie thee a cow and ewe,
 When ye come to the brig of Earn.
 At Leith, auld meal comes in, ne'er fash.
 And herrings at the Broomy Law;
 Chear up your heart my bonny lals,
 There's gear to win we never saw.

2

The live lang day with her I'd sit,
 To gase upon her lovely charms,
 And night would crown my happy lot
 With her encircled in my arms
 I'd envy not the richest swain
 That dwells upon the banks of Tay
 No sordid cares my heart should gain
 But Peggy lovely Peggy gay.

3

All day when we have wrought enough,
 When winter, frosts, and snaw begin,
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
 At night when you sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my pipes and play a spring:
 And thus the weary night will end,
 Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
 Our pleasant summer back again.

4

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
 I'll meet my lals among the broom,
 And lead you to my summer shield.
 Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
 That make the kindly hearts their sport,
 We'll laugh and kiss, and dance and sing,
 And gar the langst day seem short.

The Filler (Gair)

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte
Piano

Larghetto
Espressivo

Musical score for Violini, Viola, Canto, and Forte Piano. The score is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The Canto part begins with a rest, followed by the vocal line. The Forte Piano part provides harmonic accompaniment. The Viola part has a complex rhythmic pattern. The Violini part has a similar rhythmic pattern. The score includes dynamic markings and performance instructions.

Musical score for Canto and Forte Piano. The Canto part has the following lyrics: "ye shall walk in filk at-tire, And fil-ler hae to - spare, gin ye'll con -". The Forte Piano part provides harmonic accompaniment. The score includes dynamic markings and performance instructions.

Musical score for Canto and Forte Piano. The Canto part has the following lyrics: "-sent to be his bride, nor think o' Do-nald mair. O wha wad buy a fill- en". The Forte Piano part provides harmonic accompaniment. The score includes dynamic markings and performance instructions.

gown, wi' a poor brok'en heart, or what's to me a fil-ler crown, gin frae my

love I part.

2

The mind whase every wish is pure
 Far dearer is to me,
 And e'er I'm forc'd to break my faith,
 I'll lay me down and die:
 For I hae pledg'd my virgin troth
 Brave Donalds fate to share,
 And he has gi'en to me his heart
 Wi' a its virtues rare.

3

His gentle manners wan my heart,
 He, gratefu' took the gift;
 Cou'd I but think, to seek it back
 It wou'd be war than theft.
 For langest life, can ne'er repay
 The love he bears to me,
 And e'er I'm forc'd to break my troth,
 I'll lay me down and die.

At bughts in the morning nae blythe lads are scornin the lasses are lonely dowie and wae nae

At bughts in the morning nae blythe lads are scornin the lasses are lonely dowie and wae nae

5 7 6 6 4 3 6 b7 6 - 6 6 4 3

daffin nae gabbing but fighing and sabbing Ilk ane lifts her leg - lin, and hies her a - way. At

daffin nae gabbing but fighing and sabbing Ilk ane lifts her leg - lin, and hies her a - way. At

b7 3 6 4 3 6 6 6 4 3

e'en in the gloaming nae swankies are roaming 'mang stacks with the lasses at bo - gle to play. for

e'en in the gloaming nae swankies are roaming 'mang stacks with the lasses at bo - gle to play. for

6 2 5 6 3

ilk ane sits drearie la-menting her dearie the flow'rs o' the Forest wha're a' wed a-way. In

ilk ane sits drearie la-menting her dearie the flow'rs o' the Forest wha're a' wed a-way. In

6 - 4 6 6 6 4 - 3

har'ft at the shearing nae blythe lads are jeering the bansters are lyart, and runkl'd and grey at

har'ft at the shearing nae blythe lads are jeering the bansters are lyart, and runkl'd and grey at

b7-6 - 4 3 6 b7 7

fairs nor at preaching nae wooing nae fleeching since our bra' fo-rest-ers are a' wed a-way.

fairs nor at preaching nae wooing nae fleeching since our bra' fo-rest-ers are a' wed a-way.

b7-6 - 4 6 6 6 - 4 - 7 -

Down the burn Davie.

words by Crawford.

Violini *Dol.* *pp.*

Viola *Dol.*

Canto

Forte Piano *pp.*

Largo *Con molta esprefsiione*

6 6 6 7 6 4 6 5 4 3 6 5 3

When trees did bud and

fields were green and broom bloom'd fair to see, when Mary was com-pleat fifteen - - and

6 7 5 4 6 6 4 6 3 6 6 6 6

love laugh'd in her ec. Blythe Davies blinks her heart did move to speak her mind thus

4 3 6 6 4 3 7 4 3 6 6 6 6 3 6

free, gang down the burn Da - vie love, - - and I shall fol - low thee.

tafto Solo

2

Now Davie did each lad surpass,
 That dwelt on yon burn side,
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride;
 Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,
 Her een were bonny blue;
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

3

As down the burn they took their way,
 What tender tales they said!
 His cheek to her's he aft did lay,
 And with her bosom play'd;

Till baith at length impatient grown
 To be mair fully blest,
 In yonder vale they leand' them down;
 Love only saw the rest.

4

What pass'd, I guess was harmless play,
 And naithing sure unmeet;
 For ganging hame, I heard them say,
 They lik'd a wa'k sae sweet:
 And that they aften shou'd return,
 Sic pleasure to renew,
 Quoth Mary, Love I like the burn,
 And ay shall follow you.

Roslin Castle.

words by Hewitt

Violini *pp.* *F* *pp.* *F.* *marcato*

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano *pp.* *F.* *pp.* *marcato*

Lento

pp.

in that season of the year, when all things gay and sweet appear that Co- lin with the

morning ray A- rose and sung his ru- ral lay Of Nanny's charms the Shepherd sung the

hills and dales with Nanny - rung, while Roslin Castle heard the Swain, and echod' back the

chearfull strain.

2

Awake, sweet muse! the breathing spring
 With rapture warms; awake and sing!
 Awake and join the vocal throng,
 Who hail the morning with a song;
 To Nanny raise the chearful lay,
 O. bid her haste and come away;
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn!

3

O hark, my love! on ev'ry spray,
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng;
 And love inspires the melting song:

Then let my raptur'd notes arise;
 For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

4

O! come, my love! thy Colin's lay
 With rapture calls, O come away!
 Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine
 Around that modest brow of thine,
 O! hither haste, and with thee bring
 That beauty blooming like the spring,
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravish'd breast of mine!

Wilt thou be my Dearie.

words by Burns.

Violini

pp.

mf.

Primo

2do

Forte
Piano

Largo

Appassionato

pp.

6

3

6

6

3

6

6

3

6

4

3

6

4

3

6

4

3

7

6

6

manando

Wilt thou be my Dearie when sorrow wrings thy gen - tle heart, O

Wilt thou be my Dearie when sorrow wrings thy gen - tle heart, O

manando

wilt thou let me chear thee. By the treasure of my soul that's the love I bear thee! I swear and

wilt thou let me chear thee. By the treasure of my soul that's the love I bear thee! I swear and

6

4

3

6

vow, that only thou shall ever be my dear-ie. Only thou I swear and vow shall

vow, that only thou shall ever be my dear-ie. Only thou I swear and vow shall

ever be my Dear-ie

ever be my Dear-ie

F. PP.

FF.

marcato

marcato

6 5 6 4 6 4 3 6 4 3

6 4 3 6 4 3 7 6 6 6 4 3 3

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
 Or if thou wilt na be my sin,
 Say na thou'lt refuse me:
 If it winna, canna be,
 Thou for thine may chuse me,
 Let me, Lassie, quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me
 Lassie, let me quickly die,
 Trusting taat thou lo'es me

Tarry Woo.

Violini

Sotto Voce

Viola

Canto

Forte
Piano

And^e

Softenuto

Musical notation for Violini, Viola, and Canto parts. The Violini part includes fingerings: 6-3-3, 6, 6-4-3. The Viola part includes fingerings: 6-3-3, 6. The Canto part is a vocal line with a fermata at the end.

Musical notation for Forte Piano and And^e parts. The Forte Piano part includes fingerings: 6-3-3, 6. The And^e part includes fingerings: 6-4-3, 6. Lyrics: Tar-ry woo, O tar-ry woo, Tar-ry woo is ili to spia - - Card it well, oh

Musical notation for Violini, Viola, and Canto parts. The Canto part includes a fermata at the end.

Musical notation for Forte Piano and And^e parts. The Forte Piano part includes fingerings: 7, 3, 3, 2, 3. The And^e part includes fingerings: 6, 6, 4, 3. Lyrics: Card it well. Card it well e'er ye be - gin when tis card-ed, row'd and spun.

then the work is haf lens done; but when woven, drest, and clean, it may be cleading

for a queen.

2
Sing, my bonny harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountains steep,
Bleating sweetly as ye go,
Thro' the wisters' frost and spow;
Hart, and hynā, and fallow-deer,
No be haf so usefūl are:
Frae kings to him that hads the plow,
Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

3
Up, ye shepherds, dance and skip,
O'er the hills and valleys trip,
Sing up the praise of tarry woo:
Sing the flocks that bear it too:
Harmless creatures, without blame,
That clead the back and cram the wame,
Keep us warm and hearty fou;
Leele me on the tarry woo.

4
How happy is the shephrds life,
Far frae courts, and free of strife,
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins answer mae:
No such music to his ear:
Of thief or fox he has no fear;
Sturdy kent, and colly true,
Well defend the tarry woo.

5
He lives content, and envies none;
Not e'en a monarch on his throne,
Tho' he the royal sceptre sways,
Has not sweeter holidays.
Who'd be a king, can ony tell,
When a shepherd sings sae well;
Sings sae well, and pays his due,
With honest heart and tarry woo.

The Braes of Ballerudine

words by Blacklock.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte
Piano

Larghetto Amorofo

neath a green shade a lovely young swain, one ev'ning re-clind to dis-cov-er his
 pain. So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe, The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the

5 6 6 6 4 3 7 6 3

5 4 3 6 6 6 4 3 6 6 6 4 3

PP.

6 6 5 6 4 3 6 4 6

fountains to flow: rude winds with com_pas_sion could hear him complain yet Chloe lets

gentle was - - deaf to his strain.

2

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
 E're Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view!
 Those eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey,
 Nor smild the fair Morning more chearful than they,
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight,
 I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

3

Thro' changes in vain relief I pursue,
 All, all but conspire my griefs to renew;
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,

To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air;
 But love's ardent fever burns always the same,
 No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

4

But see the pale moon all clouded retires,
 The breezes grow cool; not Strephon's desires:
 I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind.
 Ah wretch! how can life be worthy thy care?
 To lengthen its moments, but lengthens despair.

The Soldiers' Return.

Tune Mill Mill O
words by Burns

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano

Andante

6 6 3 3 7 3 7 6 6 6 3 4 3

pp.

When wild-wars deadly blast was blawn, and gentle peace re-turn-ing, and eyes again with pleasure

6 6 3 6 6 6 6 6 7 6 6 3

beard, that had been bleard with mourning; I left the lines & tented field, where lang I'd been a lodger, my

6 6 6 6 7 7 4 6 3 4 6 4 7 3

humble knapsack a' my wealth A poor but honest Sol-dier.

6 4 3 6 6 6 7 6 6 6

2

A leal light heat in my breast,
 My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
 And for fair Scotia, hame again,
 I cheery on did wander
 I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
 I thought upon my Nancy,
 I thought upon her witching smile
 That caught my youthful fancy.

3

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
 Where early life I sported,
 I past the mill, and trysting thorn,
 Where Nancy aft I courted.
 Wha spied I but mine ain dear maid
 Down by her mother's dwelling!
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood
 That in my een was swelling.

4

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
 Sweet as yon hawthorn blofsom,
 O! bappy, happy may he be,
 That's dearest to thy bosom.
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,
 Fain wad I be thy lodger;
 I've serv'd my King and country lang,
 Take pity on a Soldier.

5

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
 And lovelier grew than ever;
 Quo' she, a Soldier ance I lo'ed,
 Forget him I shall never.

Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
 Ye freely shall partake it,
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

6

She gaz'd — she reddend' like a rose —
 Syne pale like ony lily,
 She sank within mine arms, and cried,
 Art thou mine ain dear Willie?
 By him who made yon sun and sky,
 By whom true love's regarded,
 I am the man! — and thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded.

7

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
 And find thee still true hearted;
 Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
 And mair, we'se ne'er be parted.
 Quo' she, my grandfire left me gowd,
 A mailin' plenish'd fairly;
 Come then, my faithful Soldier lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

8

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor;
 But glory is the Soldier's prize,
 The Soldier's wealth is honour;
 The brave poor Soldier ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger;
 Remember, he's his country's stay,
 In day and hour of danger.

The Boatie rows.

For two Voices.

Violini

Primo

2do

Forte Piano

Largo

Espressivo

may the Boatie row, and better may it speed, weel may the Boatie row that gains the bairn's bread.

may the Boatie row, and better may it speed, weel may the Boatie row that gains the bairn's bread.

PP.

The boatie rows the boatie rows the boatie rows fu' weel. - meickle luck at - tend the boat, the

The boatie rows the boatie rows the boatie rows fu' weel. - meickle luck at - tend the boat, the

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Merlin and the Creel'. It consists of five staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, and the bottom three staves are for the piano accompaniment. The music is in a 6/8 time signature and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are printed below the piano part. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, notes, rests, and bar lines. There are also some performance markings like '6/4' and '7' below the piano part.

merlin and the creel.

merlin and the creel.

2

I cast my line in Largo bay,
 And fishes I catch'd nine,
 'Twas three to to boil, and three to fry,
 And three to bait the line.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows indeed,
 And happy be the lot of a'
 Who wishes her to speed.

3

O weel may the boatie row,
 That fills a heavy creel,
 And cleads us a' frae head to feet,
 And buys our pottage meal;
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows indeed,
 And happy be the lot of a'
 That wish the boatie speed.

4

When Jamie vow'd he wou'd be mine,
 And wan frae me my heart,
 O muckle lighter grew my creel,
 He swore we'd never part:
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel,
 And muckle lighter is the load,
 When love bears up the creel.

5

My kurtch I put upo' my head,
 And drefs'd mysel' fu' braw,
 I true my heart was douf au' wae,
 When Jamie ga'ed awa;
 But weel may the boatie row,
 And lucky be her part;
 And lightsome be tae lalsie's care,
 That yields an honest heart.

6

When Sawney, Jock, an' Janetie,
 Are up and gotten lear;
 They'll help to gar the boatie row,
 And lighten a' our care.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel,
 And lightsome be her heart that bears,
 The Merlin, and the creel.

7

And when wi' age we're worn down,
 And hirpling round the door,
 They'll row to keep us dry and warm,
 As we did them before;
 Then weel may the boatie row
 She wins the bairn's bread;
 And happy be the lot o' a'.
 That wish the boat to speed.

My dearie if thou die.

words by Crawford

Violini *P.* *F.*

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano

Andante *Softenuto*

PP. *PP.*

Love never more shall give me pain, my fancy's fix'd on thee, nor

PP.

e-ver maid my heart shall gain, my Peg-gy if thou die. Thy beauty doth sich

pleasure give, thy love's so true to me. without thee I can never live, my deary if thou

die.

F. cres PP.

2

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
 How shall I lonely stray!
 In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
 In sighs, the silent day.
 I ne'er can so much virtue find,
 Nor such perfection see:
 Then I'll renounce all woman kind,
 My Peggy, after thee.

3

No new-blawn beauty fires my heart
 With Cupid's raving rage;
 But thine, which can such sweets impart,
 Must all the world engage.

'Twas this that like the morning sun,
 Gave joy and life to me;
 And when it's destin'd day is done,
 With Peggy let me die.

4

Ye pow'rs that smile on virtuous love,
 And in such pleasure share;
 You who it's faithful flames approve,
 With pity view the fair:
 Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
 Those charms so dear to me!
 Oh! never rob them from these arms:
 I'm lost, if Peggy die.

Sweet Annie frae the sea beach came

Violini *Sotto voce* *F.* *PP.* *fr.*

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano

Adagio

PP. *PP.* *PP.*

Sweet An - nie frae the sea-beach came where Jock - y speel'd the

Velsels lide; ah! wha can keep their heart at hame when Jocky's tost a-boon the tide: Far aff to

distant realms he gangs; yet I'll be true as he has been; and when ilk lafs a_bout him thoang he'll think on

mf. *fr.* *pp.*

Annie — his faithful ain.

fr. *pp.*

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,
 Wi' goud in hand he tempted me,
 He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,
 And made a brag of what he'd gee:
 What tho' my Jocky's far away,
 Toft up and down the dinsome main,
 I'll keep my heart anither day,
 Since Jocky may return again.

Nae mair, false Jamie, sing nae mair,
 And fairly cast your pipe away;
 My Jocky wad be troubled fair,
 To see his friend his Love betray:

For a' your songs and verse are vain,
 While Jocky's notes do faithful flow;
 My heart to him shall true remain,
 I'll keep it for my constant Jo.

Bla' fast, ye gales, round Jocky's head,
 And gar your waves be calm and still;
 His hameward sail with breezes speed,
 And dinna a' my pleasure spill!

What tho' my Jocky's far away,
 Yet he will bra' in filler, shine:
 I'll keep my heart anither day,
 Since Jocky may again be mine.

A body may in simple way For two Voices.

Violini *pp.* *rf.*

Primo *Viola*

2do

Forte Piano

Largo

Softenuto

pp.

Viola col Basso

A bo-dy may in simple way bind love in Stre-phons

A bo-dy may in simple way bind love in Stre-phons

eyes A bo-dy may ah well a day find love tho' in dif-guife; There is a bo-dy

eyes A bo-dy may ah well a day find love tho' in dif-guife; There is a bo-dy

loves a bo-dy I could tell you who But if a bo-dy loves a bo-dy
loves a bo-dy I could tell you who But if a bo-dy loves a bo-dy

Vida
Let him come and woo.
Let him come and woo.

2

I'll never wed I've often said
A lad who canna speak
Yet somethings running in my head
Which prudence canna check
There is a body &c.

3

An humble cot and simple lot
Are suited to my mind
No wealth I seek so let him speak
He'll find a body kind
There is a body &c.

To the foregoing Tune.

1

Gin a body meet a body, Comin thro' the rye.
Gin a body kifs a body need a body cry;
Ilka body has a body, ne'er a ane has I;
But a' the lads they loe me And what the war am I.

2

Gin a body meet a body, comin frae the well,
Gin a body kifs a body, need a body tell;
Ilka body has a body, ne'er a are has I.
But a' the lads they loe me, and what the war am I.

3

Gin a body meet a body, comin frae the town,
Gin a body kifs a body, need a body gloom;
Ilka Jenny has her jockey, ne'er a are has I,
But a' the lads they loe me, and what the war am I.

N.B. When the other sets of words are used the finger must begin with the first bar as shown (Gin a)

I wish my love were in a muse Translated from Sappho by Philips.

Violini *a mezza voce* PP.

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano

Largo

Amoroso

Blest as th' im-

mor-tal gods is he, the youth who fond-ly fits by thee, and hears and sees thee;

all the while, so soft-ly speak, and sweetly smile: 'Twas this bereav'd my soul of

rest and rais'd such tumults in my breast; For while I gaz'd, in transport tofs'd my breath was

gone my voice was lost.

2

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame,
 Ran quick thro' all my vital frame,
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung;
 In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;
 My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
 My feeble pulse forgot to play;
 I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away!

Logan's Water

words by Thomson.

Violini

Solo voce *pp* *pp* *mancando* *pp*

Viola

pp

Canto

Forte Piano

Solo voce *pp* *mancando* For

Adagio

e - ver, fortune wilt thou prove, an un - re - lent - ing foe to love, and when we meet a

mu - tual heart, come in be - tween, and bid us part bid us fight on from day to day, and

Musical score for a piano piece, featuring vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The score includes lyrics and dynamic markings such as *pp.*, *F.*, and *marcato*. The lyrics are:

with and with the soul a way till youth and genial years are flown, and all the life of
 love is gone?

The score is written in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). It consists of several systems of staves, including vocal staves and piano accompaniment staves. The piano accompaniment includes figured bass notation (e.g., 6, 4, 2, 6, 3, 6, 3, 6, 3, 6, 6, 4, 2, 6, 4, 2, 6, 4, 3, 6) and dynamic markings such as *pp.*, *F.*, and *marcato*.

2

But busy, busy still art thou
 To bind the loveless, joyless vow;
 The heart from pleasure to delude,
 And join the gentle to the rude.
 For once, O Fortune! hear my pray'r,
 And I absolve thy future care;
 All other blessings I resign,
 Make but the dear Amanda mine.

I loe nae a Laddie

For two Voices.

Violini *Dol.*

Primo

Secondo

Forte Piano

Tempodi

Sicilliana Largo

pp.

I loe nae a laddie but ane, - he loe's na a lalsie but

loe nae a laddie but ane, - ne loe's na a lalsie but

me, hes wil - lin' to make me his ain - - an his ain I am willing to be - - He

me, hes wil - lin' to make me his ain - - an his ain I am willing to be - - He

coft me a rokley o' blue - - a pair o' mittens o' green An his price was a kifs o' my mou; An' I
 coft me a rokley o' blue - - a pair o' mittens o' green An his price was a kifs o' my mou; An' I

paid him the debt yef_ treen.
 paid him the debt yef_ treen.

ff. *tr*

ff.

6 4 3 6 6 4 3 6

6 7 6 7

2

My mither's ay makin' a phraze,
 That I'm lucky young to be wed;
 But lang e'er she countit my days,
 O' me she was brought to bed:
 Sae mither, jast settle your tongue,
 An' dinna be flytin' fae bauld;
 For we can do the thing when we're young,
 That we canna do weel when we're auld.

Kind Robin loes me.

Violini *pp.* *f* *pp.* *pp.* *marcato.*

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano *pp.* *f* *pp.* *pp.* *marcato.*

Largo

Affettuoso

6 6/4 3 7

pp.

Whilt I alone your soul possess'd and none more loed your bosom press'd ye pow'rs what king like me was

6 7 6 6 6/4 3 6 6

pp.

bles'd, when kind Annie loes me hey ho Annie quo be for kind Robin loed me. Whilt you adord no

6/4 -3 7 7/4 7 6 7/4 6/4 -3

other fair nor Kate with me your heart did share, what queen with Annie could compare, when kind Robin lo'ed me

hey ho Robin quo she your kind Annie lo'ed thee.

2
ROBIN,

Young Katie now commands my heart,
Sweet Kate who sings with so much art
Whose life to save with mine I'd part
For kind Katie lo'es me!
Hey, ho, Annie quo' he,
For kind Katie lo'es me.

ANNIE.

Gay Patie, now delights my eyes,
For he with equal ardour dies,
Whose life to save I'd perish twice,
For kind Patie lo'es me!
Hey, ho, Robin quo' she,
For kind Patie lo'es me.

3
ROBIN.

What if I Kate for thee disdain,
And former love return again,
To link us in the strongest chain,
For kind Robin lo'es thee!
Hey, ho, Annie quo' he,
Your kind Robin lo'es thee.

ANN'E.

Tho' Patie's kind as kind can be,
And thou more stormy than the sea,
I'd chuse to live and die with thee,
If kind Robin lo'es me!
Hey, ho, Robin quo' she,
Your kind Annie lo'es thee.

41. *Raving Winds &c.*

words by Burns.

Violini

Viola

Canto

For^{te}
Piano

Soave

pp.

Raving winds a-round her blowing, yel-low leaves the wood-lands

pp.

strow-ing, by a ri-ver hoarfely roaring I-fa-bel-la stray'd de-plor-ing. Farewell,

hours that late did measure sun shine days of joy and pleasure; Hail, thou gloomy night of

sorrow - cheerless night that knows no morrow.

2

O'er the Past too fondly wand'ring,
 On the hopeless Future pond'ring;
 Chilly Grief my life-blood freezes,
 Fell Despair my fancy seizes.
 Life, thou soul of ev'ry blessing,
 Load to Mis'ry most distressing,
 Gladly how would I resign thee,
 And to dark Oblivion join thee!

The Lass of Peaty's Mill.

For two Voices.
words by Ranfey.

Violini

Primo

Seco

Forte Piano

And^c.

Softenuto

Violini *pp.* *F.* *pp.*

Primo

Seco

Forte Piano *pp.* *F.* *pp.*

And^c.

Softenuto

The lass of Peaty's mill - so bon - ny blythe and gay In
 The lass of Peaty's mill - so bon - ny blythe and gay In

spite of all my skill she stole my heart a - way When wed - ding of the
 spite of all my skill she stole my heart a - way When wed - ding of the

hay - bare-head-ed on the green, Love midft her locks did play and wanton'd in her

hay - bare-head-ed on the green, Love midft her locks did play and wanton'd in her

5 3 4 3 7 36 4 3 6 4 3

e - en;

e - en;

pp.

7/2 6 6 7 7/2

2

Her arms, white round and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn,
 To age it would give youth,
 To press them with his hau'
 Through all my spirits ran
 An ecstasy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness fund,
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

3

Without the help of art,
 Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 When ear the spoke, or smild.

Her looks, they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd;
 I wish'd her for my bride

4

O! had I all that wealth,
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasure's at my will;
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Peaty's mill,
 Should share the fame with me.

Bonie Dundee

Violini

pp.

ff.

Viola

Canto

Forte
Piano

Siciliana Largo

5

43

6

6

43

6

6

43

6

f.

mancando

pp.

O whar did ye get that hauber meal bannock? O fil-ly blind bo-ay, O

f.

pp.

pp.

3

#

4

3

5

6

hina ye see? I gat it frae a young brisk Sodger laddie, between Saint Johnston and bonie Dun-dee. O

f.

4

5

6

6

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics for the first system are: "gie I saw the laddie that gae met? aft has he don'd me upon his knee; may heaven protect my bonie Scots". The second system continues the piano accompaniment with the lyrics: "laddie, and send him fae hame to his babie and me." The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and fingerings.

The lyrics are:

gie I saw the laddie that gae met? aft has he don'd me upon his knee; may heaven protect my bonie Scots
 laddie, and send him fae hame to his babie and me.

2

My blefsins upon thy sweet, wee lippie!
 My blefsins upon thy bonie e'e brie!
 Thy smiles are fae like my blythe Sodger laddie,
 Thou's ay the dearer, and dearer to me!
 But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonie banks,
 Where Tay rins wimplin by fae clear;
 And I'll cleed thee in the tartan fae fine,
 And mak thee a man like thy dadie dear.

The Maid that tends the Goats.

words by Dudgeon.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte Piano

Largo Espressivo

PP. FF. PP.

3 3 5 # 5 # 6 4 2 6 b6 6 6

PP.

Up amang yon clifffy rocks, sweetly rings the rising echo to the maid that tends the

PP.

6 3 3 6 3 3-6

goats liltin' o'er her native notes. Hark, she sings, "young Sandy's kind," An' he's promis'd ay to lo'e me;

3 6 6 6 6

here's a brotch, I ne'er shall tine till he's fairly married to me; "Drive away ye dron' time "An

bring about our bridal day.

6 4 3 3 6

6 4 2 6 6 # 6 4 # 4 2 6 b6 6 6 6 4 7 #

2

"Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,
 "Aften does he blaw the whistle,
 "In a strain sae faftly sweet,
 "Lam'mies listning dare nae bleat;
 "He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
 "Hardy, as the highland heather,
 "Wading thro' the winter snow,
 "Keeping ay his flock together;
 "But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,
 "He braves the bleakest norlin blast.

3

"Brawly he can dance and sing
 "Canty glee or highland cronach;
 "Nane can ever match his fling
 "At a reel, or round a ring;
 "Wightly can he wield a rung
 "In a brawl he's ay the bangster:
 "A' his praise can ne'er be sung
 "By the langest winded sangster.
 "Sangs that sing o' Sandy
 "Come thort, tho' they were e'er fae lang.

Tweed. Side.

For two Voices.
words by Crawford.

Violini

Primo

2do

Forte

Piano

Largo

Amoroso

Musical notation for the instrumental introduction. It consists of five staves: Violini (Violins), Primo (Violin I), 2do (Violin II), Forte (Piano), and Largo (Cello/Double Bass). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. Dynamics include *P.*, *rf.*, and *PP.*. The Largo part includes fingerings: 4, 3, 6, 4, 3, 6, 7.

Musical notation for the first vocal entry. It features two vocal staves (Soprano and Alto/Tenor) and a piano accompaniment staff. The lyrics are: "What beauties does Flora disclose how sweet are her smiles upon Tweed yet". The piano accompaniment includes fingerings: 4, 3, 6, 4, 3, 6, 4, 3, 6, 4, 3.

Musical notation for the second vocal entry. It features two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment staff. The lyrics are: "Mary's still sweeter than those, Both nature and fancy exceed. No daisy nor". The piano accompaniment includes fingerings: 4, 3, 6, 4, 3, 6, 4, 3.

sweet blushing rose nor all the gay flow'rs of the field nor Tweed glid-ing gen-tly thro'

sweet blushing rose nor all the gay flow'rs of the field nor Tweed glid-ing gen-tly thro'

those such beauty and pleasure does yield;

those such beauty and pleasure does yield;

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let's see how the primroses spring,
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love, while the feather'd folks sing.

3

How does my love pass the long day?
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
 Do they ever carelessly stray,
 While moppily she lies asleep?

Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
 Kind Nature indulging my bliss,
 To ease the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

4

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her may compare,
 Love's graces around her do dwell,
 She's fairest, where thousands are fair,
 Say, charmer, where do thy flock stray,
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed,
 Is it on the sweet winding Tay,
 Or pleasanter banks of the Tweed.

Now westling winds.

words by H. A. ...
music by U. L. ...

Violini

Pizzicato

arco

Viola

Basso

Forte
Piano

And^e

Softenuto

pp.

Canto

pp.

Now westling winds, and slaughter-guns bring Autumn's pleasant

Basso

weather the gorsecock springs, on whirring wings among the blooming heather. Now waving grain, wide

arco

o'er the plain delights the weary Farmer, the moon shines bright as I rowe by night - - to muse

up - - on my charmer.

F.

Basso

F.

2

The Pairtrick lo'es the fruitfu' fells;
 The Plover lo'es the mountains;
 The Woodcock haunts the lanely dells;
 The soaring Hern the fountains
 Thro' lofty groves the Cushat roves,
 The path o' Man to shun it;
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush,
 The spreading thorn the Linnet.

3

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
 The savage and the tender;
 Some, social join, and leagues combine,
 Some solitary wander;
 Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
 Tyranaic Man's dominion;
 The Sportsman's joy, the murdering cry,
 The flutt'ring gory pinion.

4

Bat Peggy dear the ev'ning's clear,
 Thick flies the skimming swallow;
 The sky is blue the fields in view
 All fading-green and yellow:
 Come let us stray our gladsome way,
 And view the charms o' Nature,
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
 And ilka happy creature.

5

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
 While the silent moon shines clearly;
 I'll clasp thy waist, and fondly prest,
 Swear how I lo'e thee dearly!
 Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs
 Not Autumn to the Farmer,
 So dear can be as thou to me,
 My fair my lovely Charmer.

Cynthia be as kind as fair.

words by Peter Lindner.
Tune Duncan Gray.

Violini

Viola

Canto

Forte
Piano

Andante

Softenuto

The first system of the score contains the initial instrumental and vocal entries. The Violini and Viola parts feature rhythmic patterns of eighth and sixteenth notes. The Canto part is mostly rests, indicating the singer's entrance later. The Forte/Piano part provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines. The Andante tempo is indicated, and the Softenuto marking appears at the beginning of the second system.

4 3 6 3 2 6 6 3 3 4 6 4 6 4 3 6 - 7 -

The second system continues the instrumental accompaniment. The vocal line enters with the lyrics: "Cynthia be as kind as fair bid me not with tears depart, 'Twas thy graces laid the snare,". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Cynthia be as kind as fair bid me not with tears depart, 'Twas thy graces laid the snare,

4 3 6 5 4 2 6 - 6 3 3 4 3 6 5 3 4 2

The third system features the vocal line with lyrics: "'Twas thy beauty caught my heart. caught my heart. Let the world thy justice sound". The piano accompaniment includes first and second endings, marked "1st" and "2^d".

'Twas thy beauty caught my heart. caught my heart. Let the world thy justice sound

6 6 3 1st 2^d

'tis but common justice sure As thine eyes have giv'n the wound Those sweet lips shou'd

6 6 3 4 6 4 6 3 4 6 6

5 2

1st 2^d

FF.

1st 2^d

give the cure. give the cure.

1st 2^d 4/3 6-6-6-7/3

2 by M^r Junor.

Kindness with your beauty join
 Love now let thy bosom warm
 Be O Cynthia O be mine
 Let not doubt my soul alarm
 Think of loves extatic joy
 Heal O heal the wound you gave
 Think of sweets that ne'er can cloy
 Think of Damon you can save.

